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In Memoriam.

(Dedicated to Edward J. Pryor, A. B., St. Joseph's College, 1906.)

PAUL R. MARTIN, '09.

DEAR friend, they tell me that thy voice is still,
That no more will thy cheery laughter ring,
My heart to quicken and my soul to thrill,
Like music from a soft-toned viol's string.
No more thy face will shine with holy light,
As from thy lips sweet words of wisdom fall,
And thou dost champion cause of truth and right
In serving Him, thy Master, God and all.

I am not left alone to grieve for thee,
For many other hearts with sorrow bleed
Like Hers, who knelt beneath cruel Calvary's tree
And saw Him sacrificed for human need.
On life's sweet lute thou touched the chord of love;
Thy goal was reached, and thou art crowned above.

Ferdinand Brunetière.

WESLEY J. DONAHUE, '07.



WITHIN the famous Mazarin college in Paris, the chair once held by the father of modern French criticism Sainte-Beuve, again is vacant. With the death of Ferdinand Brunetière the French Academy loses its most influential, if not its greatest, intellect. Years ago, in 1893, when Brunetière was elected to the Academy, a contemporary critic wrote of him: "The new Academician takes the place of John Lenoir and the chair before occupied by Sainte-Beuve. But a greater than Sainte-Beuve is here, one whose omnivorous intellectual appetite has led him to graze in English and German pastures

nearly as much as at home. One, too, who has studied all modern science for the due criticism of letters, just as Sainte-Beuve studied literature in the light of natural history. And," continues the writer "the communicativeness of M. Brunetière is almost in line with his receptivity. It would be difficult to sum up briefly the amount of work which this critic, who is at the same time philosopher, historian, moralist, and, above all, dialectician, has given to the world." Such was the popular estimate of M. Brunetière twelve years ago, and now that he is dead the world stands back and marvels at the influence exerted over a nation and a literature by this gigantic intellect. A man of courage, strong and disdainful, he fought his way to the top, as some one has well said, "by emphasizing his contempt and proclaiming his admiration."

Born at Toulon, France, in 1849, Brunetière studied at Paris and there taught school with Paul Bourget, the great French novelist, whose late work, "Une Divorce," has attracted widespread attention in both America and Europe. It may be of interest to note that Brunetière never received a doctor's degree, and for a long time the Sorbonne hesitated to give a professorship to one who was not a doctor, nor even an "agrégé" of the studies in the University. He first came into prominence in 1875 by a critical work in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, and from that time on his fame spread. For years it was evident that a seat was reserved for this new genius in the French Academy, unless "Les quarante Immortels" were to belie all their history and tradition, and in 1893 Brunetière became a member of that distinguished body. At that time he was the second youngest

member, and a contemporary writer thus describes him: "*Canis sunt sensus hominis*, and if the sense of M. Brunetière has not yet made his locks grey they at least eke out his significant figure as he stands on the lecturer's platform. Brown and flat lying with the thin fringe of beard below, they frame in, irregularly, a worn face of strong, restless, well-nigh morbid vitality, from which keen and defiant eyes look out through glasses. The decent black redingote of the French professor terminates in spindle shanks that stand braced sturdily as if against a storm. It is the figure of a man who has thought in solitude and expects little but combat from the world when he brings it his message."

In the same year that he became a member of the French Academy Brunetière was invited to lecture by the Sorbonne in its great amphitheatre, on the "Evolution of Lyric Poetry in the Nineteenth Century." His lectures were a series of triumphs. During the three winter months of 1894 all Paris crowded the corridors of the Sorbonne, even as they had thronged the Odeon to hear him in 1891, '92, '93. The next year the crowning event of his career took place. The direction of the *Revue de Deux Mondes* was offered him by a committee of the most prominent men of Paris, and Brunetière accepted.

Three years later he visited America lecturing at Johns Hopkins University and afterwards in New York. Of recent years his works have appeared less frequently, though he has attracted wide attention through his increasing zeal for Roman Catholicism as opposed to the tenets of the "Intellectuals" of France.

What first drew the attention of the world to Brunetière was the latter's attitude toward the school of French writers commonly called the "Naturalists." Zola and his followers in looking for the causes of social evil and in studying the anatomy of classes and individuals to explain the derangements which are produced in society and in man, emphasized so exclusively the mere animal in man that they became oblivious of the human in man. For the naturalist the soul did not exist because it could not be discovered through a laboratory analysis. As a result of his tenets Zola

said that his process frequently necessitate his working on tainted subjects and his descent into the midst of human follies and miseries. Brunetière could tolerate neither Zola's principles nor processes. Filled as he was with a lofty idea of the dignity of human life and believing that the moral tone of fiction should be an elevated one, he could feel nothing but disgust upon seeing Zola and his followers pandering, though their own statements to the contrary notwithstanding, to the basest appetites of the people.

Early in 1875 his attack on the "Naturalists" was opened by an article on "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret." He attacked the author not only because of the indecency, gross impiety and repulsive cynicism scattered through his book, but because, adds Brunetière, one first asks oneself: "What has become of the honest clarity of the French language?" And afterwards, "If the last term of art is to paint man as a brute?" "If," continues the critic, "Zola sometimes succeeds in breathing a momentary life into his characters, Zola's followers and imitators hardly succeed in making manikins." Zola and his many imitators only too frequently based their plots and plays upon newspaper reports of incidents of Parisian life. Commenting on this our critic writes: "One of the first reasons of the perishableness of novels, based upon transient incidents, is the ephemeral nature of the incidents they relate. Character and not circumstances give durability to novels." How truly he could have applied this same criticism to the average American novel to-day. How little characterization is there; what an abundance of "transient incidents" dished up with a little local color and an up-to-date setting.

Of all the naturalists Flaubert alone finds mercy at Brunetière's hands, and that because of Flaubert's impersonality. This in Brunetière's eyes is the "supreme artistic virtue." Of interest to English readers is the great critic's comparison of Flaubert and George Eliot. Flaubert creates life from the quality of dullness with a "Homais," a Curé Bourniseu; George Eliot has done better. She found the means of creating nobility from the commonplace and vulgar

in "Adam Bede" and in "The Mill on the Floss." After Flaubert, Maupassant whose short stories are so much admired in America, occupies a high place in Brunetière's estimation. Maupassant's clarity, finish, and a more natural "gift of style" especially appeal to the critic. As Maupassant was Flaubert's pupil much of the praise he receives from Brunetière reflects back on his teacher. Up to his death Brunetière continued his opposition to Zola and his followers, and there is no doubt but that his efforts more than anything else have kept Zola from being elected to the French Academy.

Brunetière was a true Frenchman. For him there was no *modus in rebus*. Says a critic: "This passion for or against was the vivifying element of Brunetière's talent." So as he execrated Zola and all his following he adored Bossuet and all his companion writers of the seventeenth century. The seventeenth century was his century, the century in which, in spirit at least, he lived and moved and had his being; it was the century he knew and loved as no other, and the century which he knew and loved because of his intense admiration for Bossuet. For him Bossuet was the greatest of orators because "the interests treated in his sermons are above those which prompted the speeches of Cicero, Demosthenes and Mirabeau." But this is not all, Brunetière strove to show that the "eloquence of Bossuet is humbler, milder and more persuasive than imperious, and that his soul reveals the treasures of native simplicity." So much did the great critic read Bossuet and the other writers of the time of Louis XIV. that his style "caught an archaic fragrance from the formal syntax and serious periods of the golden age of French letters." We are told that one of the objections raised against Brunetière's becoming director of the *Revue de Deux Mondes* was that he would recognize no literary spirit other than that of the seventeenth century.

Brunetière's theory of criticism while having many points in common with Taine's went further than the latter's. Like Taine, Brunetière was a historian. The emphasis, accuracy and conciseness that a minute historical portrait gives to our ideas on a literary work, no one will

doubt. In no clearer form may the past be viewed than in the living picture which a full knowledge of details enables the historian to create. Take for instance, the historian of the Shakespearean drama. To study in detail the conventions of the stage, to watch in the laboratory of the playwright, to see the actors in their rôles and notice effects on spectators; this is but part of his work. The historian's further task is this: from the various multiplicity of ideas, impressions, representations and facts he has to sort, sift and combine, till, as far as may be, he has reproduced in its wonderful unity and harmonious adjustment, as in a composite photograph, the multiform existence of Elizabethan times. His primary purpose—to translate M. Brunetière's own words—is not merely to have us understand the past, we must feel it as we do the actual present. Briefly, in common with Taine, Brunetière held that there should be nothing between us and the author.

But, while Taine, like a historian, studied events and conditions as affecting an author, he did not stress sufficiently the author's personality. For him, the writer was mainly the result of his surroundings; for Brunetière there was something more. Referring to the impetus that the skeptical movement of the eighteenth century derived from Gibbon, Alfred Welsh writes (*Development of English Literature and Language II*, 201): "Great intellects are both representative and creative; mirroring the tendencies of their own time, they also modify them spontaneously, evolving events and ideas which, passing into the life of the world, become the originating cause of subsequent developments. Designed or not, their energies beat on us." This clearly expresses M. Brunetière's stand. Important as was the influence exerted on a writer by circumstances, he held that one should appreciate justly the fact that the writer of ability is, in a great measure, independent of his attendant conditions. Neither Taine nor Sainte-Beuve sufficiently emphasized this; and it was while trying to discover a theory which would do full justice to the personality of an author that Brunetière read or reread Darwin's "Theory of the Evolution of Species." "I cared not," says

Brunetière," whether his theories were proved or not, even in science, but I saw of what value they might have been, even if not proved. I thought the theory of evolution has produced such good practical results that I will apply it to literature, to see how one species of literature is transformed into another. This theory of evolution saved the individual as those of Taine and Sainte-Beuve did not.

"When an individual is born of more vigorous mental or physical powers than the others, according to Darwin, a new species is made. That is what I applied to literature. Shakespeare, Michaelangelo, Beethoven and Victor Hugo are men who are born among us, superior to us, and by reason of that superiority they form a school; their ideas are taken up by smaller men, become commonplace, and by the end of two or three generations literature, music or art has been revolutionized."

Without regard for the evidence for or against the fact of the evolution of biological species, Brunetière applied his theory to the lyric and dramatic poetry of France. But his views on literature were his views on life. And the enthusiasm with which the audiences of the Odeon and the Sorbonne had greeted his theories when applied to poetry was only equalled by their interest when Brunetière applied them to the Christian religion.

In 1895 the critic became a religious apologist, and he set to explain science in the name of faith. Polemics reigned, and the best minds of France were roused to dispute and argue on questions which thirty years before had been laid aside. In his "*Les Raisons Actuelles de Croire*," Brunetière takes the stand inaugurated by Doctor Newman in his "*Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*." "Christianity has been long enough in the world to justify us in dealing with it as a fact in the world's history." His attitude in the recent struggle between the Church and State in France can best be judged from his own words uttered only a few months before his death: "They may ask: 'Wherefore do we complain?' and we answer unhesitatingly: 'We complain be-

cause the Concordat has been denounced without even an attempt to negotiate its amelioration; because by the mere fact and in consequence of this denunciation, France has severed all relations with a power which, though unrecognized, is not suppressed, and though despised is not annihilated; because resolutions of such a nature as to change the interior and exterior politics of a great country were made *ab irato* by one man only and without any consultation of opinion, because in suppressing the forty millions of the Budget of Worship, a pledge of honor, publicly and solemnly taken, has been violated, and indeed, because had a fair separation of Church and State been desired, only a single article, stipulating that from a certain day forward the churches would come under the common law of associations, would have been required.'"

In his first work Brunetière wrote: "My studies are but the expressions, differing according to subjects and to men, of a few fundamental ideas that are always the same." Years have passed, and though many volumes have come from the pen of this truly great writer they but emphasize the truth of his first statement. True to his convictions, Brunetière directed all the activities of pen and speech to their spread. If one thing more than another characterized this man it was his unswerving loyalty to his convictions. An earnest lover and an earnest hater, we can not but admire him for the fearlessness with which he hurled forth his beliefs regardless of consequences. Now railing at Zola, now congratulating Daudet, because he never had "recourse to libertinism" to excite interest, now growing enthusiastic over Bossuet's tenderness, now in revolt at what he calls the hardness of Fénelon, now engaging science in the name of religion, he spent his life without once swerving from what his conscience told him was his duty. If a "right moral state of heart" be, in the opinion of Newman, the formal and scientific condition of a creator's mind, it is no less a condition, one would think, of the critic's. This surety of ethical basis, this right moral state of heart, was characteristic of the entire life-work of Ferdinand Brunetière.

Varsity Verse.

SHADOWS.

HAVE you ever stood at daybreak,
And beheld the shadows grey
As they fled across the meadows
In their haste to get away?

And then have you stood at even,
When the sun was sinking low,
And watched those same dark shadows,
As they passed by to and fro?

So methinks when life's night lowers,
And our earthly hopes are o'er,
The grey shadows that have left us
Will steal softly back once more.

G. F.

THE OLD STORY.

DEAR PA:

I'm feeling awful blue
And haven't got a blooming sou;
I hate to ask you for the "mon"
But, daddy dear, it must be done.
My history mark was ninety-five
And ninety-nine my mark for "scive"
Got ninety-eight in Latin twice—
My Latin teacher's *awful* nice.
In science I got eighty-three;
It's not as good as it should be,
But, dad, I think this ought to square it,
Two hundred was my first demerit.
All my old books are "up the spout,"
I worked so hard I wore them out.
Please send me coin to buy some more,

Your loving son,

JOHN THEODORE.

DEAR JOHN:

Your letter came to-day
When all the folks was gone away
But that old mailman, Isidore
Just pushed it under our back door,
So when we came to home 'twas there
And Mary read it all with care.
Your marks were fine, but sakes alive!
Drop science and plug hard at "scive,"
That science class is where you blundered;
In "scive" you might have got two hundred.
If you'd drop Latin, I'd prefer it,
And get three hundred in demerit.
The folks is fine, the crops is good;
We've got a big supply of wood.
Last week I split ten trees in half—
And that old cow, she's got a calf.
Good-bye, dear John, my loving son,
Work hard and do not waste your "mon."
Enclosed you'll find a dollar bill;
I can't send more, but love you still.
I'll have to close its getting dark,

Your loving father,

E. Z. MARK.

T. E. B.

"It Was a Kindness Just the Same."

VARNUM A. PARRISH, '09.

"Look at this, Ruth," said George Cullen to his wife as he stood at the dining-room window looking out into the street.

"Look at what?"

"Why come, see this poor child, trying to carry more than he is able. What little consideration some parents have for their children!"

"They just don't care," said the wife as she stepped over to the window.

The window opened into a street which had a drive on either side and a narrow strip of park running down its middle. On the farther side of the street were several children such as one usually sees playing on the streets of a large city, amusing themselves in some material which had been piled there for the purpose of repairing the pavement. On the near side, right in front of the window in which stood Mr. and Mrs. Cullen, a little boy not more than five or six years old was trudging along, apparently from the grocer's. He had his arms full of things much too heavy for his strength and almost too much for his heart, for he was nearly crying. When his load began to slip out of his arms he would squat down on the walk just in time to save everything from falling. Then he would arrange the things around him on the walk, sit down in the middle of them, gather them in his arms and try to get up. By the time he had risen everything had begun to slip again. Next he filled his left arm and tried to get the rest under his right arm. But no use, his arms were not strong enough for his load and things began to slip again. He repeated all these processes several times and then tried other tactics that only a child's ingenuity would be capable of devising. He was moving toward home very slowly.

"There goes the bag of sugar," said Mrs. Cullen as the bag began to slip out from under the little fellow's arm. But before it had got quite away from him he had

squatted on the walk and saved the bag from falling.

"I should think his mother would know more than send so little a fellow to the grocer's after a load so big. Some women don't know anything. Wonder why she didn't have the goods delivered."

"Maybe she's canning fruit and was in a hurry for the sugar."

"Well, she's not getting it in much of a hurry. Just to help the poor child out of his predicament—not for the parent's sake—I am going out there and carry that stuff home for him," said Mr. Cullen.

"You've got but forty minutes to get back to your office. You won't have time to go very far with him."

"Well it takes only thirty-five minutes to get down to the office and the boy may not live more than a block away. I'm going out there and help him anyway."

The little child was almost crying. He readily accepted the proffered help, but persisted in carrying part of the things himself.

"Let me take the two bags and you can carry the can of coffee," said Mr. Cullen. "I'll bet I don't get back to the office in time," thought Mr. Cullen. "But I'd rather lose half a day's business than to have my conscience bother me all week for not having helped this poor little boy. Just think of all the misery there is in a large city like this that one knows nothing about. Perhaps we are happier that we do know nothing about it too. I suppose this poor little fellow is beat around so much at home by his father that he is afraid of men generally, he seems so shy of me. Just think how thousands of little children like him are ill treated every day in a big city like this. The boy probably has a drunken father who misuses his family. The house he lives in, well, that's perhaps one of those old weather-beaten wood-colored, leaning shacks, with rags and papers stuck in the broken windows. The boy's mother may not be a bad woman, but she surely doesn't know much when she sends a little fellow like this so far after groceries. She's probably so distracted by the hardships she has to undergo that one could hardly blame her; striving to get enough to eat for her

children, scrubbing ten hours a day to support them. Children running the streets during those ten hours—goodness, goodness! what a lot of unfortunate wretches there are in the world.

"There are probably eight or ten children in the family. It seems just as though those least capable of caring for the body and soul of their offspring raise the most—not raise, but just bring into the world—and those most capable of raising a family have few or no children. So it goes."

Cullen hadn't noticed the child much he had been so busy fancying the conditions under which the poor child was being raised, and when he did glance down at the little fellow he began to think that he had a rather refined look about him. He did not seem the least bit coarse. His clothes were dirty, yet they were rather good.

"I wonder how much farther this chap lives from here," thought Cullen.

"Where do you live, little fellow?"

"Sits tenty-two Tenter. Weyr do oo 'ive?"

"Back there in that brick house you saw me come out of."

"Well of all things," thought Cullen to himself; "six twenty-two Center, why that's a pretty nice place and we are almost there."

The little fellow turned down the alley just before he got to Center.

"Tum iss way; doing in back way."

Cullen followed the little fellow down the alley and into a back yard, which was enclosed by a high board fence. Beside the walk, which led from the alley gate to the back door, were some sticks driven in the ground with an old piece of carpet over them.

"Tee my tent," said the little boy as he came to the carpet on the sticks.

The boy stopped at the tent and insisted that Mr. Cullen should let him have the sacks. He then opened the coffee can and the paper sacks and poured the crushed stone and sand out on the ground beside his tent.

THE errors of honest minds show others the way to truth.—*Spalding*.

Poor Fido.

(When unpounded dogs are turned over to the University of Chicago for laboratory work.)

WHAT is poor Fido yelpin' for?" said Bruno on Parade.

"'Is turn 'as come, 'is turn 'as come," the bull-pup sadly said.

"What makes you look so sad, so sad," said Bruno on Parade.

"I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch," the bull-pup sadly said;

"For they're vivisectin' Fido—my, but they're feelin' gay."

"They'll give 'im not a bit o' dope; he wouldn't kick," they say.

"They've taken off his hind legs, and they cut 'is ears away."

"An' they're vivisectin' Fido in the mornin'."

"What makes that spaniel breathe so 'ard?" said Bruno on Parade.

"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the bull-pup sadly said.

"What makes that coach-dog tremble so?" said Bruno on Parade.

"A touch o' sun, a touch o' sun," the bull-pup sadly said.

They are vivisectin' Fido, he's been taken from the pound;

They've strapped 'im to a table an' it ain't a table round.

See that kind and noble doctor has just opened up a wound.

O they're vivisectin' Fido in the mornin'.

"'Is kennel door was next to mine," said Bruno on Parade.

"'E'll never use that kennel more," the bull-pup sadly said.

"I've et 'is bone a score o' times," said Bruno on Parade.

"'E'll nary eat another bone," the bull-pup sadly said.

They are vivisectin' Fido; see 'im strapped down to 'is place;

See the gentle, kind expression on that noble doctor's face.

They've taken off 'is front legs, now 'is tongue is out of place,

For they're vivisectin' Fido in the mornin'.

"What is the cause of all the noise?" said Bruno on Parade.

"It's Fido fighting 'ard for life," the bull-pup sadly said.

What's that that's on the table now?" said Bruno on Parade.

"It's over. Yep'tis Fido's tail," the bull-pup sadly said;

For they've done with poor old Fido I just heard a student say;

The doctors went to dinner and they're feelin' mighty gay.

Ho' that young daschund is shakin' an' 'e'll want 'is bone to-day

After vivisectin' Fido in the mornin', V.V.

For Alma Mater.

WESLEY J. DONAHUE, '07

The wind whistled amidst the rafters and planks of the bleachers' surrounding the great football field; it whirled the dust into the eyes of a few solitary spectators, and hurrying across the field it chilled the substitute standing on the side-lines and sent him shivering to the clubhouse. It cut the face of the passing teamster and made him swear as he whipped up his horses; it whisked off the hat of the student and sent it like a pinwheel through the dust and dirt of the street; it banged shutters, rattled windows howled up hallways and roused the vir of everyone in general. But down on the athletic field head Coach Hollister heeded it not. Muffled up in his fleecy sweater, with his hands plunged deep into his trousers' pockets he drove his team up and down the field. "Hurry up there, Samson, get into it Fleming, lower there, Carson." Not a moment was he quiet as the eleven men plunged and tore, and plunged and tore again. Sometimes he praised them, more often he censured them, and still more often he called them unprintable names. Only a week to prepare for the game with Leland Stanford. No wonder the coach forgot about the wind, the dust and everything, except the big game a week off. The eyes of the West would soon be on his team, the team that must battle for California.

The whole West was stirred up over the game. The college town was in an uproar, the big game was the one topic of conversation. Excursion rates were given by all the railroads; the students held mass meetings every night. In spite of the faculty's protests, betting ran riot with odds at 2 to 1 in favor of California's team, the marvelous machine which, under Hollister's coaching, had almost reached the acme of perfection.

Around Captain Billy Woods, the "Eckie" of the coast, hinged California's play. Woods, a marvelous punter and drop kicker, a sure tackler, a wonder at running back punts, was a terror to all opposing teams.

No wonder then that the students, as they met in the morning, asked: "How's Billy?" And at night their last word before separating was: "Is Billy all right?" With "Billy" in the game it looked all California, and so odds were at 2 to 1. At first, however, there were few takers, the down-state men all looking for better odds, but gradually the money appeared. Where it came from no one knew, nor cared; but if the source had been known the events told in this story might never have occurred. For had the backers of California known that "Oily Oliver," erstwhile bookie and race-track tout of no enviable reputation, was betting on Leland Stanford suspicions might have been aroused and the scheme blocked which almost resulted in the defeat of California's great team.

Out in the little town of Coburn, Thanksgiving Day, "Sandy" Devers, California '03, stretched his long legs across the floor of the railroad office, yawned lazily and swore at the fate that kept him from the game. Only a hundred miles away, and yet he couldn't go. "Confound old man Carroll making me stay here when the new man's almost broken in." Outside the wind was blowing at a mile a minute clip, and Sandy shivered as he thought of Leland's punter getting that wind behind his kick. Oh, how he'd like to be at the game! He could see the old college field, the bleachers wreathed in the college colors, swaying with men and women. He could hear the old yell that he had so often led, down in the old familiar corner on California's side.

How many a time in an ecstasy of joy he had hurled his hat, coat, cane and colors in the air as California's relentless machine ground its way down the field and across their opponent's goal line. How many a time disheartened, with his finger nails biting into the palms of his gloved hands, he had howled forth that almost despairing: "Hold 'em, California"; and would he ever forget that last big game when California did "hold 'em" when Leland's hitherto invincible team had hurled itself in vain against California's stonewall line of battered heroes? His heart leaped within him, the blood mounted to his cheeks, he jumped to his feet as

though to give one long U. of C. But he looked around, saw the dingy little room in the dingy little station in the dingier little town of Coburn. He looked across the sandy stretches, eyed a solitary crow lazily flapping down the field with its dull, monotonous caw; up from the "Red Eye" came the song of half a dozen jovial miners, while the crunching and shrieking of switching freight cars grated most discordantly on his ears attuned to the music of his college yell. He threw himself back in his chair and swore at his fate, his boss, himself and Leland Stanford.

This solace bringing occupation was intercepted by the whistle of the approaching train that speeded into the little station, stopped for half a minute, and then thundered on to Berkley where the great game was to be held. Devers stood out on the platform and watched the train as it rapidly disappeared in the distance. There had gone the last hope of seeing the game. True, he had known that there was very little chance of his going, but somehow so long as the train had yet to pass he felt—well, as though something might turn up.

"Sandy, Sandy," sounded on his ear, and a moment later his friend, Frank Williams, came running up. Frank, a native of Coburn, lived over the "Red Eye" saloon down at the switch; he was an ardent admirer of Sandy Devers, and from the latter's enthusiasm and love for California came to regard the University of California almost as his own *Alma Mater*, though he knew only too well that the big school would never be anything more to him—poor Frank Williams,—than a name.

"Sandy," he fairly yelled. There's a trick to beat California. I was shinin' the brass rail down at the "Red Eye" and I heard Col. Gearin tell "Waggles" that he'd staked all kinds on Leland 'cause Billy Woods won't play. Oily Oliver is goin' to send Billy a telegram sayin' his mother's dying. So Billy'll have to leave on the 2:40 train just before the game."

"Frank, O why didn't you come five minutes ago? The train just pulled out, and that's the train Billy will take home," and Sandy looked despairingly after the train.

"Telephone," yelled Frank.

With a groan the college boy pointed to the wires blown down by the wind. Saw Berkley one hundred miles away and no connection. *Alma Mater*, his *Alma Mater*, going down in defeat and he powerless to aid her. Oh, the pity of it all! The wind seemed to sympathize with him as it moaned through the scraggy trees, sobbed along the wires and then poured in gusts down Coburn's one lone street. But as it did so it brought with it the toot, toot, of Bangs' the silver kings' auto, and a moment later the big green car whirled into sight, drew up with a lurch opposite the old shack-like office of the Great Western Improvement Company of which Bangs was president. Bangs leaped out followed by his chauffeur. For an instant Sandy Devers stood irresolute, then with his teeth set and his hands clenched he ran into the station. He pulled on his coat, pulled his hat down over his eyes, yelled a few parting words of direction to his assistant and started running for Bangs' office. He ran the intervening hundred yards faster than he ever did before, and faster, as he now says, than he ever expects to again. He knew better than to ask "Crusty" Bangs for the loan of his "auto," he only thanked his stars that he had run an automobile before. Into the big green car he leaped and started off. Out ran Bangs, out ran the chauffeur, just in time to see their car go down the street. In vain did they yell "stop thief;" in vain did sheriff, Billy Nolan, backed by all the majesty and dignity of the law, command the thief to "halt;" in vain did all the artillery in the "Red Eye" blaze away; in vain did Mrs. Flannigan cry out from the top story of Coburn's only tenement. Her "stop thafe" were the last words Devers heard as, like a shot from a cannon, he went out of Coburn and never stopped till he struck the long sandy road that led to Berkley, one hundred miles away.

He must beat the train. It was then high noon, the train was scheduled to reach Berkley at 2:40 p. m. Billy Woods would board it and start for his home in Oregon. All this rushed through Sandy's throbbing brain, and in his heart he said: "No, Billy will never board that train." He threw back the lever and the giant car plunged forward along the road. Dimly did Devers recall the ride. To his

left stretched along the railroad, its tracks gleaming in the distance like two silver threads; to his right were stray barns and straggling houses. He remembered afterwards how people stood astonished and open-mouthed as he went by, how mothers had run screaming with their children from the road, how chickens cackled as they sprinted into safety, how dogs ran after him until their barking died out in the distance. Trees and telegraph poles flashed by. On and on faster and still faster raced the car. The sand and stones cut into Devers' face, the wind raced by him, a cold drizzling rain pierced him to the skin. But Sandy heeded it not. He saw nothing, heard nothing, thought of nothing but eleven tired and weary men, almost heart-broken, deprived of their leader, fighting for their *Alma Mater* and his. He saw Leland's cheering crowds every face wreathed in the joy of victory; he saw his old comrades plunged in gloom. No, he must not fail; faster he urged the car. Oh, how the time flew—fifteen, thirty, forty-five minutes, an hour passed, and then just as he took the dead man's curve he saw—the train—faintly, it was true, only a speck in the distance, but still the "Limited." Tears of joy streamed down his face. He looked at the time. 1:40. One hour to catch that train; one hour to stop Billy Woods from boarding it; one hour to save his *Alma Mater*.

How swiftly the minutes sped, how slowly he seemed to gain. But he was gaining—foot by foot, yard by yard, rod by rod; he cut down the distance until he could distinguish the passengers standing on the last step, and then up before him there rose the town of Berkley. Would he never catch up! Already he was nearing the city limits, the stray houses grew more numerous, while people shouted in anger and astonishment at the maniac that thus risked life and limb. Five miles to the depot. Slowly the distance was cut down. Down the street like a flash sped the auto. As if by magic Sandy steered it, passed wagons and carriages, passed men and women, his horn sounding one continuous note of warning. At last he swung into the main street—2:38 by the town clock. Two minutes to reach the depot. The big car fairly leaped over the remaining ground; and just as the conductor was shouting: "All aboard for San Francisco," a man hatless and breathless, his face begrimed with sweat and dirt, dashed into the station, leaped onto the out-pulling train and fairly dragged a passenger off, crying all the time: "Billy, it's your old chum, Sandy; the telegram's a fake. Your mother is well and strong. Go back and win for old California." And Billy did.

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—Once more Time has rubbed off the slate and put it clean before us, or, better, he has turned one more leaf of the tablet back and given us another page

The New Year, to continue our story. For after all it is not so much a new slate from which are erased the scratches and marks of other trials. Who of us would begin all over again; who does not think but that he is better, or, at least, his life-story is more, because of that last long page filled as it was with mistakes and corrections, with shattered plans and realized hopes, with stinging defeats and thrilling victories, with hurts and tears and joys? Yes, such was the old year, now gone but not dead, for what it did for us will ring down through other years and its lessons will lead and be with us even to eternity. And so, mostly what the New Year will mean is what the old has taught us. That is why men make resolutions; resolutions prompted by what they have learned; resolutions that mean a fight to make and a harder fight to keep. There's the idea of life, to learn and to fight. He who can't learn and fears to fight isn't worth the while.

—We were recently favored by Mr. McDermott from Louisville, Ky. His address to the students was one of the most pleasurable we have ever heard, and his appreciation of the college man and advice to him were quite apropos. Mr. McDermott showed clearly that he understands him perfectly. A pleasing speaker he wins confidence with his audience at once.

To build up ideals and attain them is the moral we learned from his talk. It is good to see men like Mr. McDermott, men who are factors in the World's Progress, but who also are filled with noble sentiment and ideals.

We hope to have the pleasure of another visit from this brilliant scholar, and assure him that he will always find a hearty welcome at Notre Dame.

Adam Bede.

The Humorist of the House kept us in rapt attention during his discourse. His humor only brought out his points of argument more clearly, while the argument itself ran through his talk like a fibre that needed only to be uncovered, and there it lay whole and forcible. Detail followed detail in such charming manner and with such cleverness as to make us want to finish the argument ourselves and draw our own conclusion. Few speakers have the enviable style of Mr. Bede and the student body is awaiting another word from him.

Opie Reed.

When Mr. Reed took the stage everyone felt assured that something good was coming. The famous author and story teller equalled and surpassed our expectations. To tell what Opie Reed is we wouldn't try, he is known so well and is so well appreciated by the world in general that the only obvious thing to do is to say how he appealed to us. There is only one way he could, and that is the way he does to all the world. He is charming in every respect; speech, manner and style.

The New Department of Chemistry.

The Department of Chemistry, which during the last four or five months has been in process of being newly fitted up, is now practically completed and stands one of the leading departments of the University. This department since its establishment has increased to such proportions that from a small, one-room building it now occupies a large modern brick structure of three stories, containing twenty-four rooms, capable of accommodating easily three hundred and fifty students. The building is so located and arranged that sufficient light may enter from all sides and is well supplied with electric lights. The improvements are of the latest modern type; slate tops cover the laboratory desks and the sinks are of porcelain and soapstone.

On the first floor and directly to the right of the entrance is a large lecture room with a seating capacity of seventy-five. To this lecture room is attached a special stock room so arranged that apparatus for experiment can be set up in a hood directly in view of the students and the experiment demonstrated from the lecture room. Thus is prevented the escape of obnoxious gases incident to chemical experiments in the lecture room. Adjoining the lecture room are the laboratories for organic chemistry and for research work in this same branch of science, both well supplied with hoods and large enough to accommodate about thirty-five students. Adjacent to the organic chemical laboratory is a room containing gas machines, blast and suction

pumps and an acetylene generator. The suction and pressure pumps are run by electric motors.

Opposite the lecture room and to the left of the entrance is the office of the director of the chemical department and his assistant. On this same side of the building is the laboratory for electro chemistry and physical chemistry, supplied with a direct current from the dynamo and from storage batteries, and a laboratory for qualitative and quantitative analysis, with a sufficient number of hoods, both capable of accommodating respectively sixteen and fifty students. There is also a volumetric laboratory for special volumetric work, and a

balance room amply supplied with balances. Besides there is on this same floor a good working library including current literature on chemistry, and back numbers of the leading American, German French, and English chemical magazines.

The second floor is occupied by the Department of Pharmacy. There is on this floor a

pharmacy laboratory capable of accommodating forty students, and a special laboratory for advanced work in pharmacy; a drug store well stocked with all the necessary drugs for a complete and thorough course in pharmacy; a library and reading room containing the best pharmaceutical works; the pharmacy lecture room and the office of the director of this department.

On the third floor are the laboratories for elementary and industrial chemistry, with special stock rooms attached, accommodating in all about two hundred and thirty students. There are also on the second floor two general stock rooms supplied with



special apparatus and chemicals for ordinary and extraordinary experimental work. A laboratory for mineralogy and assaying also exists in connection with the work done in chemistry.

There are offered in all twenty-one courses in Chemistry, including technical courses in chemical analysis, urinary analysis and toxicology, history of chemistry, etc. A course in Chemical Engineering was also established recently. Special facilities are offered to graduate students desiring to do original research work in chemistry, preparatory to the Master's or Doctor's degree. A corps of six teachers are employed to do the work in Chemistry.

There are three distinct courses that lead to the Bachelor's degree, namely, the General Science Course, with Chemistry as a specialty; the course in Chemical Engineering, leading to the degree of M. E., and the degree of B. S. Chem. In the last named most of the work in the four-years course is of a chemical nature. In all these the Master's degree may be obtained after following the regular prescribed course of postgraduate work. The degree of Sc. D. and Ph. D. in Chemistry are awarded for special work in original chemical research.

W. P. L.

Notes from the Colleges.

Well here we are again, writing about each other, and making a few efforts at the humorous. Reluctantly, too, I think some of us take up the pen. It is such a break in the delicious idleness of the holidays. Yet withal we find a growing pleasure as we open up the papers, and not a little enthusiastically we start in on 1907.

Harvard ranks first of American universities in point of attendance. With an ever-increasing Notre Dame contingent, no doubt the Crimson School will lead all others in learning in a short time.

The "Silver-Tongued," hair-dishevelled, piercing-eyed college orator takes the platform to win honor for himself and his *Alma Mater* this session. The country

will have many perplexing questions cleared up this month in university debates and oratorical contests. Statesmen, if you would be wise, "stop, look, and listen!"

Because the girls at Chicago have been indulging in entertainments the past session, a great many of them have "flunked." This is at least retributive justice. One gets weary looking at all the fellows that girls "flunk" by their entertainments.

Wisconsin will have five hundred candidates out for its track team. So much quantity ought to insure some good quality.

President Elliot of Yale goes himself "two" better in his opposition on college athletics. Not only football but basketball and hockey are put in his list of brutal sports. Elliot is so much like another "president" in his reforms.

Pennsylvania has some clever cricket experts in her school. So clever in fact that the school is sending a team to England, the home of "deucedly clever people!"

Michigan is to have a theological seminary.

No football expert in the East, except Camp, gave Eckersoll quarter-back on the All-American. But with that Chicago University farewell reception, the eulogies of every sporting editor in the West, and Walter Camp of Yale, all at "Eckie's" back and touting him as a wonder, Walter doesn't need to care about Whitney and a few more of those people back East.

King Edward of England was the recipient of a large piece of cheese from the agricultural department of Cornell. This sort of gift always did appeal to us. But then international relations are such delicate "things" that we fear for its reception, lest it be a breach of courtesy and be construed as an American hint that King Edward didn't have any cheese of his own.

P. M. M.

Varsity Try-Out.

The annual Varsity try-out meet was held in the big gym recently. It was not large, still the meet on the whole was a success, and brought to light many hitherto unknown men who give great promise of developing into good Varsity material. Considering the few weeks the men have been out, and the fact that there was little or no actual training done for the meet, the time made was fairly good.

Boyle, a new man at Notre Dame, was the star of the meet, securing the greatest number of points. Had the pole vault been held, he would most likely have added five more points to his total of 11.

Scales, for two years the Varsity hurdler and high jumper, and Keach, a prominent man in Hall meets last year, tied for second honors with a total of 10 points.

Scales ran an exhibition heat of the forty-yard low hurdles in the excellent time of .05:3, and surprised himself and his friends by clearing the bar in the high jump at 5 feet 9.

Keach, who showed so much grit and stuff on the Varsity scrubs during the fall, ran the forty and the two-twenty in excellent form, and took both events with ease. He will most likely be the mainstay of the Varsity in the sprints this year.

Jim Keefe, our star half-miler, took the event; but did not make good time because he was not pushed.

College pins were given to those who won first places.

SUMMARIES.

40-yard dash—Keach, first; Roach, second; Boyle, third. Time, :04 4-5.

40-yard high hurdles—Scales, 1st; Graham, second. Time, :05 4-5.

40-yard low hurdles—Boyle, 1st; Berteling, second. Time, :06.

220-yard dash—Keach, first; Centlivre, second. Time, 24 4-5.

440-yard dash—Greipe, first; Donovan, second. Time, :52.

880-yard run—Keefe, first; Roth, second; Sack, third. Time, 2:27.

One-mile run—Graham, 1st; Duffy, second; Washburn, third. Time, 5.09.

High-jump—Scales, first; McDonough, second. Height, 5 feet 9.

Shot-put—Berve, first; O'Flynn, second. Distance, 33 feet 2 inches.

Broad jump—Boyle, first; Greipe, second; McDonough, third. Distance, 18 ft. 11 inches.

Referee, R. Kasper; Starter, Bracken; Judges at finish, Perce, Dillon; Clerk of course, Dolan; Field judges, Malloy, Beacom, Callicrate; Time-keeper, Munson.

B. A. K.

Personals.

—Mr. Christian Burger (student '74-'76) died in Philadelphia on the 12th ult. Mr. Burger was a distinguished musician and a prominent citizen of Lancaster, Pa.

—Dr. Benjamin Logan Euans, a student of the University in the days after the War, passed away at Gold Field, Nevada, at the age of fifty-two. Dr. Euans had attained considerable distinction in the medical profession and had won a host of warm friends who lament his untimely passing.

—The sympathy of the University goes out to Mr. Clemens Brinkman, of Carroll Hall, on the sudden death of his father. The deceased, while apparently enjoying perfect health, was suddenly stricken with paralysis on the eve of New Year's, and never recovered consciousness. To Mrs. Brinkman and the family their friends at Notre Dame extend sincere condolence and the assurance of prayerful remembrance.

—The many friends of Mr. William Bergan of South Bend, who was a student at the University, in 1894-1895-1896, will be pleased to learn of his reappointment as Deputy County Clerk of the Circuit Court of St. Joseph County. Mr. Bergan served as Deputy Clerk under George M. Fountain and George H. Alward, and has been reappointed by Mr. Frank Christoph. The *South Bend Times* says: "Mr. Bergan has been reappointed Deputy Clerk of the St. Joseph Circuit Court. Mr. Bergan's pleasing manner and courteous treatment of the public at the court-house, has won him many friends through the county, and his reappointment has shown his ability to conduct the duties of the office."

The Social Whirl.

BY E. PERCIVAL SNOB.

Despite the efflux of the Ultras for the holidays, Society was surprisingly gay; when it is remembered that our friends Matthew and "Divvy" and Enriquez left us and that Lantry trotted out West, and even John Scales deserted, one can imagine the gloom that settled over the place. Then Escher and Diskin, prominent in Pennsylvania Club life, and Kanaley, of the Rival New Yorkers, set out for the big Eastern burgs. Still, as I said, Sorin and most of us managed to go through the strenuous season with remarkable success.

* *

Without doubt the affair of the holidays was O'Connell's dinner tendered to the '07 men at the Oliver. The genial president of the class was every inch a host and those fortunate ones present assert unanimously that it was the most delightful event they ever attended. At the dinner were Messrs. Bach, Villanueva, Donovan, O'Flynn, Perez, Gallart, Kenny and the host.

* *

One Wednesday evening a South Bend aggregation sent a challenge for a basketball game. Cook of various different kinds of fame made himself promoter and general manager. He "got a bunch together" and went down to meet the aspirants. Of course it happened as you expect, and the "local boys" defeated the Benders by a score of 21-10. There were no stars for us, it being one big five-pointed one. The lineup was Lennartz, C., O'Flynn and Caprera guards, Scanlon and Dubuc forwards.

* *

I was delighted to see my friend "Jamie" Jordan back so soon. Jordan is a Senior and a worthy fellow. He is also editor-in-chief of the "Dome," and I expect to see him turn out something good. I notice Jim has become attached to a new Derby which imparts that air of dignity proper to a Senior.

* *

Ever since Their Coming Back I've been wondering what happened to the mannish

signs which so many affixed to their upper lip all last session. I never cared about the mustache myself, but didn't have the hardihood to rebel against what was then the prevailing fashion. But then there must be reasons, various, perhaps, but which simply simmer, as debaters say, down to one. It is surprising what sisters and others can do.

* *

What's this! so soon after the New Year too. The inner circle on the third flat is astounded, and Society in general has received a shock. The Lantry-Bach divorce which happened shortly after Lantry's return comes to us as a thunder-clap. The Bach end of it refuses to be interviewed, and Lantry is nearly as reticent. It is rumored that outsiders have been interfering. Oh, the havoc in other ways than marital these demerits cause.

* *

We are awaiting the appearance of the Shakesperean Dramatic Association. Composed entirely of Seniors it should amount to something. I have heard parts are being given out to the several members who are to stage "Richelieu" soon. This is an excellent idea, and that the men will make it a grand success we all hope. Easter Monday is the day set for the affair, and without doubt it will be an Easter Monday to go down in history. I have my opinions though about the hit a few of the tall ones will make in very tight fitting suits. Now there's—but what's the use telling, one has only to look them over to be assured of the grand success the Seniors will make in early day suits. Mrs. Archaic Somebody, who some time ago advocated the return of the good old costumes of long ago, will have a chance to compare how the twentieth century man will look in "ye early" suits and his appearance Easter Monday night in the modern full dress. But then most of us are prejudiced as it is, so the object-lesson won't make much difference any way.

* *

Among the later arrivals are Bracken, Beacom, Sheehan and Draper. Evidently the "big uns" had a gala time of it during the holidays. They all look well and are filled with stories characteristic of each.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

Western Porcelain Company v. Municipal City of South Bend.

The Moot-Court has passed upon and rendered its decision in this case. Messrs. Ralph Feig and Leroy J. Keach appeared for the plaintiff, and Messrs. James V. Cunningham and Alphonso E. Ponce for the defendant. Mr. John W. Sheehan acted as clerk of the court. The case turned on a question of law, which was tested by demurrer. Judge Hoynes presided and gave the opinion of the court. The statement of facts and opinion are as follows:

The Western Porcelain Company, a corporation created and existing by and under the laws of the State of Indiana, with chief office at South Bend, entered into a contract with the Mayor, Clerk and Common Council of the Municipal City of South Bend, St. Joseph County, Indiana, on the 16th of June, 1900, to establish its plant and build its works in said city on receiving a bonus of \$25,000 in bonds, issued in pursuance of authority granted by the General Assembly to enable cities of 30,000 inhabitants or over to secure the establishment of manufacturing and industrial concerns within their borders.

The Company purchased ground on the East Side, between the Chicago & Grand Trunk Railroad tracks and the St. Joseph River, and built extensive works, costing \$375,000. It did so in reliance upon its contract with the city. It began operations in the manufacture of porcelain wares in the spring of 1904, and gave employment to 285 men. Adverse conditions and strong competition in the market tended materially to reduce its profits, but nevertheless it fulfilled faithfully its part of the contract. The bonds issued to it as a bonus for building in South Bend matured on the 5th day of July, 1906, and were presented for payment to the proper city authorities. The latter said to one another: "The concern is now here. It has its trade established, and we need have no fear that it will suspend operations or remove to any other place. Possibly, too, the statutory authority we had for issuing the bonds is not effectual in law. The spirit of the day appears to

be to attack corporations as dishonest and inimical to public interests. We would better fall into line with it. In view of all these things we would be more likely to incur public disapprobation by paying the bonds than by refusing to do so. Hence let us decline to pay them." They did decline to do so, and hence the Company brings suit for the recovery of their face value and accrued interest, at 5 per cent.

Opinion.

This case is by no means one of first impression. The question involved has frequently been presented in varying phases to the courts, and it may be said now to be well settled in principle. The United States Supreme Court has pronounced definitely on the subject in *Loan Association v. Topeka*, 20 Wall. 655. This case may be said to be practically in point with the one here under consideration. It seems that the city of Topeka, Kans., was authorized by the legislature to issue bonds to encourage the establishment of manufactories within its corporate limits. A company engaged in the iron business decided to build its works and carry on business there, in view of the handsome bonus offered. This was \$100,000, and the city issued bonds in its favor for the amount. When one of the bonds became due and was not paid suit was instituted to enforce payment. The court held, however, that the law under which the bonds were issued was unconstitutional, and that consequently the city was not liable upon them. The taxing power, it was said, would have to be exercised to secure money for the liquidation of these bonds, and taxes can not be imposed upon the people for the promotion or establishment of any private enterprise. A tax is not valid unless imposed for a public purpose. An instructive case likewise on the subject is that of *State v. Osawkee Township*, 14 Kans. 418. During what is known as the grasshopper plague in Kansas some years ago several of the newer counties suffered severely. Myriads of grasshoppers came in clouds, obscuring the sun, and descended like a pall upon the land. Corn,

wheat, grass, leaves, and every green thing consumable disappeared in their way as though swept by a hurricane of fire. When the plague passed, the farmers in the stricken area found themselves destitute. There was dire need of food for man and beast, as well as of seed for the spring planting.

In view of this state of things the Legislature authorized by statute the counties thus affected to issue bonds for the purpose of providing seed for the impoverished husbandmen. But the court held the law to be unconstitutional, as it contemplated the imposition of a tax for a private purpose. No matter how worthy the object, yet it was not of a public nature and did not justify the exercise of the taxing power. To the same effect is the case of *Lowell v. Boston*, 111. Mass. 455. The Legislature of Massachusetts enacted a law authorizing the city of Boston to issue bonds and lend the proceeds on mortgage to the owners of lots, the buildings on which had been burned in the great fire of 1872. It was sought in this way to enable the victims of the fire to rebuild on their land, thus benefiting them primarily and the whole community incidentally. But this was said to be not a public purpose, and the law was held to be invalid. See also *Weisner v. Douglas*, 64 N. Y. 91. In the light of these precedents and the established principle that the public taxing power can not be exercised in the interest of private enterprises, whether for the purpose of attracting them to any particular place or to promote and carry them on, the demurrer in the case at bar is sustained, the plaintiff corporation having no right of action.

Local Items.

—Found—A gold society pin. Call at Students' Office.

—The final Inter-Hall debates will take place early in March. Each team will have the opposite side of the question which it debated before, and the team that wins the most debates in the final contest will be entitled to the Inter-Hall Championship.

—An Inter-Hall Oratorical Contest will be held either in April or May. Freshmen and preparatory students only are eligible to enter this contest. Each Hall will send

one representative who will be chosen in a preliminary contest. A gold medal will be awarded to the winner in the Inter-Hall contest.

—Notre Dame G. A. R. Post elected the following officers for the ensuing year, ending Dec. 31, 1907: Commander, James McLain (Bro. Leander); Sr. Vice-Commander, Mark A. Wills (Bro. John Chrysostom); Jr. Vice-Commander, Rev. Edward Martin; Adjutant, Nicholas B. Bath (Bro. Cosmas); Quartermaster, Joseph Staley; Surgeon, Rev. F. Schmitt; Chaplain, Rev. R. J. Boyle; Officer of the Day, Ignatz Meyer (Bro. Ignatius); Sergeant-Major, John McInerney (Brother Eustachius); Quartermaster-Sergeant, James Mantele (Bro. Benedict); Officer of the Day, James Molloy (Bro. Raphael).

—Just before the holidays the students of Brownson Hall met to exchange greetings before departing for their homes. A programme was prepared for the occasion, consisting of short speeches and recitations. Mr. J. Sheehan spoke on "Christmas Amusements;" E. Bonnan on the "Athletic Student;" A. Miller on "Life at San José Park." Recitations by Messrs. C. Murphy, T. Carville, F. Hollearn and C. Sorg. were much appreciated. Mr. H. Burdick, in a humorous strain, recalled events that occurred in Brownson Hall since last September. Brother Hugh made some very appropriate remarks, and asked the assistance of all the students in building a new chapel at the Lakes near Lawton, Michigan. Brother Alphonsus closed the programme with some wholesome advice about spending Christmas vacation, and recited some very pretty verses written by a father to his sons here at school.

—If each day's absence takes 2% from your bulletin mark, how many dances could a Cook, having lots of dough, attend during a Christmas vacation, provided he was but 1000 miles from home and smoked incessantly? And if the answer be an even number, as it necessarily must be since it is 1000 miles, what would you call a Masquerade Ball which most of the young men attended unmasked and in sweaters, provided the Merit System had been inaugurated in the University library and new locks, necessitating a deposit of fifty cents, had been put on all the doors of Sorin Hall? And if the number of letters contained in your answer be odd, as they surely will, since this is the 11th of the month and school leaves out the 13th of June and begins next year the 1st of Jan., how would you act, should a friend cancel your date without your knowledge provided that a "But in" dance were to the taste of him? But this is enough.